

The Musical World.

(PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT NOON.)

A RECORD OF THE THEATRES, CONCERT ROOM, MUSIC, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS,
FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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NOTICE.

Our Subscribers are respectfully requested to pay their Subscriptions to the 25th of September, to our publisher, otherwise their names will be erased from the list, and the transmission of the paper discontinued.

GOETHE'S EPIGRAMS FROM VENICE—(1790.)

IN ELEGIAC VERSE.

Money spent, and time as well—
How—this little book will tell.

XXXI.

ALL sorts of arts are learn'd and pursued by the German: in all, too,
Talent enough he displays, when he goes stoutly to work.
Only one art he pursues without learning,—I mean the poetic;
Therefore, as oft we have seen, sadly he bungles along.

J. O.

JENNY LIND AT BIRMINGHAM.

(From "Borrow's Worcester Journal.")

THE concert given by this accomplished lady took place on Wednesday at the Town Hall, and was not so fully attended as might have been anticipated. The performances appeared to give much satisfaction, but the principal attraction, as might be expected, was that of the lady, and richly she deserved the warm applause which was accorded to her by all present. She was assisted by M. Roger, Signor F. Lablache, and Signor Belletti. We were glad to observe that not more than one or two of our county families were present, and those are residents of the northern part of the county.

MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(From our Correspondent.)

THE concert given on Monday evening (Aug. 28) by the directors attracted a very elegant and numerous assemblage of visitors. The causes of attraction were many. First there were the vocalists, of whom the chiefest was Mademoiselle Alboni, decidedly the greatest contralto that ever appeared in this country, and one of the greatest artists of the day; Signor Salvi, the celebrated tenor, who yields to none but Mario in celebrity; the Signora Corbari, an engaging and delightful singer, who has won no small degree of repute by her performances at the Royal Italian Opera in two seasons; and lastly, M. Chopin, the French-celebrated pianist and composer, who is a novelty in these parts.

The programme was brilliant, if not unexceptionable. Not to be hypercritical, it was a capital concert programme—and so the audience appeared to fancy, as the majority of the pieces were encored. The directors are entitled to thanks for their exertions.

The concert opened with Weber's overture, *The Ruler of*

the Spirits, which would have been better played had the brass instruments not been so obstreperously predominant; and had a little more attention been paid to the pianos; and, in short, had a few more rehearsals been carried out. The executants were individually good and true men, but they had not worked together sufficiently often to blend their powers, as it were, into one instrumental focus. The same observation applies to the overture to *The Men of Prometheus*, in which the trumpets and trombones were heard as if intent on the utter annihilation of all the other instruments in the orchestra. It seems that this is a universal fault, from which even your Covent Garden band is not entirely exempt, and which your collaborateur, D. R., in his operatic articles, occasionally hints at, as if to open Mr. Costa's eyes to so terrible a drawback to the rightly hearing and consequently appreciating the performances of his splendid instrumental battalion. It is much to be pitied that these men of brass should be allowed to consider their instruments as principals, and not adjuncts; or that their vanity should lead them to carry in their noddles that "there can be no music without a frightful row." Some warm day, when you have nothing better to occupy your attention, you must give these men of brass, with their trumpets, their trombones, and their ophicleides, a setting down; and do be pleased to point out to them their true position in the orchestra, and entreat of them to have some pity on the poor violins and "woods," to say nothing of the ears of the audience. But to the concert.

I need hardly inform yourself or your readers that Alboni achieved a glorious triumph, that she was the wonder of the evening, and that she was encored in everything. She was in splendid voice, and sang, indeed, in a miraculous manner. She was by no means heard to advantage in Verdi's stupid trio, "Io t'amavo," from *Nabuco*; her first essay should have been made in something more telling and more legitimate, and I am only astonished she should have consented to interpret such music; but in her second effort, the "Non piu mesta" she created a very unusual sensation. Every eye seemed to sparkle with delight, and every heart seemed to palpitate with admiration. A breathless silence was observed while she was singing—you might have heard a pin fall—Alboni's voice had charmed even garrulity into listening. She sang two duets, one with Salvi, and one with Corbari, with immense effect, and joined both these artistes in the delicious trio, "Cruda sorte," from Rossini's *Ricciardo e Zoraide*. In this last piece she appeared to me to sing more divinely than ever. Her very first notes in this trio, on the words "Io sprezzato," produced a powerful impression. They were, as it were, the sublimated essence of all that was pure, rich, sweet, and mellow in singing. Alboni sings Rossini's music better than any vocalist I ever heard. Her second greatest effort—the "Non piu mesta" must be pronounced number one—was produced in the "Brindisi," from *Lucrezia Borgia*, which she gave when encored in the Tyrolienne from *Betty*, "In questo

semplice." Both these, as sung by Alboni, are extraordinarily effective.

Signor Salvi sang a romanza from Verdi's *Uberto*, the favorite air, "Una furtiva lagrima," from the *Elisir d'Amore*, and joined Alboni and Corbari, severally, in a duet. The duet from the *Cenerentola*, "Un soave non so che," which he sang with Alboni, was greatly applauded. Signor Salvi is a most delightful artist, and reminded me frequently of Rubini, the prince of tenors. His voice is both powerful and flexible, though I am inclined to imagine his *mezzo voce* singing is that in which he shines most.

Corbari is not a first-rate vocalist, but she is a pleasing, and, in some respects, a captivating singer. She has a beautiful voice, and sings with feeling and expression; but somehow she has a bad method of recovering her breath, and this does not add to the effect of her singing. Her best effort was an aria from Verdi's *Nino*, which was loudly and deservedly encored. She was also excellent in the duet from *Norma*, "Vieni in Roma," with Salvi.

You must pardon me if I venture to say very little of Mons. Chopin's pianoforte playing. He neither surprised me, nor pleased me entirely. He certainly played with great finish—too much so, perhaps, and might have deserved the name of *finesse* rather—and his delicacy and expression are unmis-takeable; but I missed the astonishing power of Leopold de Meyer, the vigour of Thalberg, the dash of Herz, or the grace of Sterndale Bennett. Notwithstanding, Mons. Chopin is assuredly a great pianist, and no one can hear him without receiving some amount of delectation.

Rossini's overture to the *Barbiere*, capitally played, concluded the concert.

GRISI AND MARIO IN DUBLIN.

We have received a long account of the operatic doings in Dublin from our own correspondent, but for which we cannot afford room this week. Our readers must be satisfied by our merely stating that the Italian company was composed of Grisi, Mario, Tagliafico, Ciabatta, and Mademoiselle Vera, and that Benedict acted as conductor: that the Theatre Royal opened, on Tuesday last, with *Norma*, executed with tremendous effect: that the *Puritani* and *Sonnambula* were given on subsequent evenings, and that the good folks of the Irish capital are all in a state of enthusiastic excitement from the magnificent singing and acting of Grisi and Mario; and that, in short, these two great artists, and the Italian Opera, have done more to pacify the raging passions of the Patlanders than all the fixed bayonets of the Lord Lieutenant's foot-guards, or even the advent of Lord John Russell. Full particulars shall be given in our next.

ALBONI AND PARTY, AT CARLISLE.

(From the Carlisle Patriot.)

ON Wednesday evening, Mr. H. Ford, organist of Carlisle Cathedral, gave a treat to the lovers of Music, which will long be remembered by those who enjoyed it. The Concert took place in the Crown and Mitre Assembly Room, and commenced at eight o'clock. The vocalists engaged were, Madlle Alboni, prima contralto; Madlle Corbari, prima donna; and Signor Salvi, the celebrated tenore, from the Royal Italian Opera. The instrumentalists were Mr. George Osborne, an eminent pianist, who has established a high reputation in both Paris and London; and Mr. Ford himself, most worthy to play in unison with Mr. Osborne. With these attractions, and a full and tasteful programme, it is not to be wondered at

that all the seats were occupied, and all the standing room. Alboni was certainly the principal attraction. Her professional character is vividly portrayed by a competent limner in *Le Menestrel*, a Parisian publication of high repute. "Alboni," says the writer, "is, perhaps, the most rarely and richly gifted singer we have ever heard. She sings with so much facility, so much abstraction, so much pleasure, that melody seems her natural element, as to each one of us the air which he respire. In listening to her, one might be tempted to believe that study had nothing to do with the management of her organ, and that she came into the world trilling, cooing, and rossignolling like a bird. The voice of Alboni embraces an extent of notes of two octaves and a half, from E flat to C sharp. She unites, then, the two registers of contralto and soprano. Nevertheless, by the nature of the quality of the voice, by the position of the *cantilene*, and, above all, by the fulness of the lower notes, it enters more particularly into the category of the contralto; it is there it holds its true domain, its centre of effects, and its power of action. How is it possible by any words to describe this organ, so pure, so vibrating, so limpid, so full of éclat and emotion, which has the freshness and softness of youth, which insinuates itself into the heart by accents of a delicious tenderness, which speaks to the soul a language fraught with the noblest and loftiest sentiments? And then her method and her style,—was ever anything more perfect or more exquisite? Here you perceive neither affectation, nor sacrifices to bad taste, nor jugglery, nor any of those *ficelles* which moderate singers call to their aid; but on the contrary, a frankness, and, as it were, an ideal loyalty; an expression by turns dignified and gracious; a firmness of articulation, a roundness of finish which one might compare to a steel engraving; an agility and a flexibility of vocalising which makes one dream of pearls of gold rolling in a crystal basin." The best English journals are equally warm in her praise. The *Times* says she has achieved the most brilliant triumph ever accomplished on the London boards: that her voice is perfect; her powers unrivalled; that she has placed herself on the very top of the tree as a worthy compeer to the greatest singers, living or dead. The other morning journals are equally just; and the well qualified critic of the *Musical World* declares her to be the greatest operatic phenomenon of the day; and that if Rossini had formed and fashioned a voice after his dearest wish, he could not have found a more perfect and felicitous vehicle for the interpretation of his music than Alboni.

Corbari is more familiar to an English audience. She has greatly distinguished herself by her performance of Adelgisa in *Norma*, and is deemed by the best judges a singer of rare and rising merit.

Signor Salvi is a fine gentlemanly man, possessing an excellent voice, and a perfect knowledge of music. He has won "golden opinions" in the metropolis by his performance of Don Ramiro in *La Cenerentola*. As a concert singer, his qualifications are of a very first order.

From the numerous compositions performed on Wednesday evening at Carlisle, there is one which cannot fail to recur to the memory of every person who heard it as surpassing everything ever listened to before—Alboni's "Non piu mesta." This fine composition of Rossini has been sung by her during the late season at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, with such unrivalled brilliancy, and at the same time novelty and prettiness of effect, as to have excited from the fastidious and learned musical audience assembled there the most enthusiastic admiration. And it is undoubtedly a performance of the highest musical art. First was given the most scrupulous rendering of the text of the composer, then the theme

was embellished with every ornament the resources of the art can supply, and these, though presenting every musical difficulty, were executed with such unerring and faultless intonation, and at the same time all was so facile and spontaneous as to deprive it of the semblance of difficulty or even art. This great effort was truly appreciated and loudly encored. The same unrivalled artiste also sang during the evening the Tyrolean Air, "In questo semplice," with that richness of voice and humour of expression, which has rendered it so universally popular; of course a repetition was loudly called for, and Alboni, on her re-appearance, substituted the famous drinking song from *Lucrezia Borgia*, "Il segreto per esser felice," the execution of which, and especially of a shake which she introduced—so continued and beautifully articulated—gave the audience assurance they were listening to one wonderfully gifted. This being Alboni's second appearance in Carlisle, and the fame of her great talent being now spread far and wide, we are convinced that she was recognised as a singer second to none in Europe.

Madlle. Corbari is a young artiste who will before long be held to rank with the first of her contemporaries. She sang Rossini's Pastorella Cavatina (which was encored) in a style of great purity, and with that playfulness of expression which it requires. The whole of her singing was characterised by elegance and refinement.

Signor Salvi, a tenor taking his rank among the best in Europe (and who is an actor of great power), sang Verdi's "Ciel pietoso" in that chaste and highly cultivated style which constitutes his great excellence. He was also enthusiastically encored in the Cavatina "A te o cara," which he sang very beautifully. One of the novelties of the evening was Thalberg's celebrated duet from *Norma* for two grand Pianofortes, which was played by Mr. Osborne and Mr. Ford, with vigour, precision, and delicacy. Mr. Osborne's fame is not only that of a first-rate pianist, but he is also much admired for his compositions, of which his brilliant Fantasia on subjects from *Sonnambula* (played by himself) and his duet in E flat minor (played with Mr. Ford) were striking examples. We hope to see Mr. Ford trying his hand again before the season passes away. But after Wednesday evening nothing will do but the highest talent and the most judicious selection. There is a fashion in music, as in all other amusements. It is indispensable that the new and striking be given; but with these, in our opinion, there should always be mixed up some familiar household strain—that always goes home to the feelings.

THE LATE MR. SUDLOW, MUSICIAN.

(From the Manchester Courier.)

In our obituary of Wednesday last, we announced the death of Mr. Wm. Sudlow, late the organist of the Collegiate Church, in the 77th year of his age. As one of that fast decreasing number of our fellow citizens who connect the present with the past, and have seen the infancy of commercial Manchester and its manhood, and as one who took a very active part in giving that taste for music that characterises its citizens, it may not be improper to sketch a few of the details of his life. Mr. Sudlow was born in the year 1772, and appears to have sprung from a family displaying a love for music, and considerable talent in the acquisition of it. His uncle, we are told, was Doctor Wainwright, a well-known organist at Liverpool, the composer of the celebrated glee, "Life's a bumper," and the psalm tune "Manchester," with others that appeared in Mr. Harris's first collection; and his father, though displaying no extraordinary musical powers,

followed the occupation of a dealer in music, having a shop in Hanging Ditch. Young Sudlow was very early in life placed under the care of Civetti, a celebrated professor of music, and manifested an extraordinary aptitude, combined with a stern perseverance in the pursuit of his object, that was a feature of his character throughout life. The instrument he chose was the violoncello, and when very young, he was brought out as a prodigy of musical attainment at the Gentlemen's Concerts, to which in after life he was so constantly attached. He was not however confined to the violoncello, but having acquired considerable skill in pianoforte and organ playing, about the same period, he frequently presided at the organ at the Collegiate church. In 1794, Mr. H. Ackers, presented an organ to the congregation of St. Mary's Church, Manchester, of which he was a member. A silver plate in front of the organist's seat commemorates on one side the gift, and on the other the enlargement of the instrument in 1829. Mr. Sudlow, then 22 years old, was appointed organist, though not approving of the instrument, which he declared was a job, and mainly made up of the wood of orange boxes. It appeared that Mr. Ackers, knowing nothing of the construction of such an instrument, had given the superintendence of it to a friend, who was induced by the representations of a foreigner, a maker of pianofortes, to let him build it, and the man put a tolerable quantity of rubbish into it. When it was built in 1829, we are assured the wood of orange boxes was actually found extensively used. In 1805 Mr. Sudlow was selected to preside at the Collegiate church organ permanently. He continued in possession of both the parish church and choir organs until a few months subsequent to the first Manchester Musical Festival, in 1828, when, on the removal of the former organ, the churchwardens made a claim to elect the organist, and appointed Mr. Harris, the present organist, a circumstance that was exceedingly annoying to Mr. Sudlow. He continued to hold the post of organist for the choir organ, until the commencement of the present year. He had for a long time been represented by Mr. Warriner, (now organist of St. Stephen's Salford, a young man whom Mr. Sudlow had educated in music,) at first only occasionally, but latterly, from continually-increasing infirmity, altogether; and at the accession of the present Dean, it was determined to cause the arrangement to cease by appointing Mr. Harris to the control of both organs. At the period this alteration was effected, Mr. Sudlow had been organist forty-two years and six months in connection with the Collegiate Church. At one time he ranked with the first organists in the kingdom, but of course fell into the shade as progress was made towards that perfection now reached in the manipulation. But even in his latest performances, he played with a smoothness not often equalled by organists of the present day. Mr. Sudlow was a great admirer of Mozart, and he not unfrequently introduced some of the quartetts of that composer as voluntaries upon the organ. As a violoncello player, he stood for years unrivalled in the kingdom, and his services were sought far and near. At the oratorios, that were so numerous during the most prosperous era of the cotton manufacture, and formed a striking feature of that time not only in this county, but in the West Riding of Yorkshire, he was a constant performer, and it was scarce possible to conceive an oratorio band complete without him. Most of Handel's compositions he had by heart. His accompaniments were of the most exquisite kind; and in recitative Mr. Braham, Mrs. Billington, and Mrs. Salmon, declared that he was the finest accompanist they ever sang with. He was for a series of years a performer at the Gentlemen's Concerts, when held at the Concert Room,

afterwards at the present Concert Hall. He played the first violoncello there, until age crept upon him, when he resigned to Mr. Lindley, and played the second violoncello after. His connexion with the Concert Hall ceased about three years ago. He was also a member of the old (then called the new) Theatre Royal band, and gave up playing there when the management of Messrs. Ward and Banks concluded. His great fame as a musician, procured for him many pupils, some of whom have since been celebrated in the musical world. He was a particular favorite with the Earl of Wilton, an enthusiastic lover and encourager of the art, who, having musical parties very frequently at Heaton Park, Mr. Sudlow always took a share in them. He was present and took a share in the Manchester Musical Festival of 1828, and that in 1836. Singularly enough, though having music always before his thoughts, he was not noted as a composer, and we have been unable to make out more than some few arrangements by him of part music, and of quartets, a class of compositions of which he was so fond, that for years he kept together a band for performing them. He does not appear to have had the fancy necessary for composition, or he did not care to give it scope. His chief power would seem to have lain in a most delicate ear, an organ that was sensitive of the slightest variation from time or harmony, though in the largest orchestra, and to this he united extraordinary fineness of touch and manual dexterity, not only on the violoncello but also the organ. As we have before stated, perseverance was a strong characteristic. During the years that he was engaged as a teacher, he used to rise regularly at six o'clock in the morning in all weathers, walk to a school at Didsbury to teach, and after he would return home at night, to take his post at the Theatre Royal, play there until twelve, and only retire home to pursue the same routine next day. During his long period of active service at the Collegiate Church, he was seldom known to be late a minute. To his indefatigableness and punctual attendance to engagements, he added frugality and temperate habits. He succeeded his father in the shop in Hanging Ditch, and continued the business until about two years ago, when he retired to Broughton. At that time his stock comprised all the most valuable compositions of the older masters, and was perhaps the most complete repertory of music then existing; it was dispersed when he removed. Of course his talent and his fame procured large remuneration for him wherever he was engaged, and that, with his frugality, enabled him to secure the means of comfort and ease in old age. He might have given up professional duty long ago, but his habits were formed, and though decidedly of the old school, and standing almost alone amid a host of youthful compeers, he continued his labours until a few years ago with comparative energy, succumbing only when the gripe of age was too plainly visible. His decease was not the result of any of the usual ills that hurry mortals off, but a gradual sinking of nature, though vitality was strong within him almost to the last.

ROYAL "ITALIAN" OPERA A MISNOMER.

WE learn from the English correspondent to the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*, a gentleman whose information is undoubted in the matter, that Italian music having had its day, "a fait son temps," will be eschewed altogether at Covent Garden next season, and in its place we are to have substituted the thunder and red lightning compositions of the modern French School, of which Mons. Halevy's *Juive* is the very soul and quintessence. Rossini is to be sent to Coventry, Bellini put

under a bushel, and Donizetti snuffed out with a Parisian French extinguisher. We can now readily understand that the rumour of the non-engagement of Tamburini and Alboni is not entirely without foundation. In such compositions as those of Mons. Halevy, Mdle. Puget and Mons. Herold, neither Alboni nor Tamburini could be expected to shine. Alboni can only sing such *small* music as that of Mozart and Rossini, and unfortunately Tamburini's greatest efforts are confined to such parts as Don Giovanni, Dandini, Fernando, Alfonso, &c. So farewell Rossini! and with Rossini farewell the *Barbieri*; farewell the moving *Gazza Ladra*; the spirit-stirring *Donna del Lago*; the exhilarant *Cenerentola*; the glorious and glowing *Semiramide*; the chivalric *Tancredi*; the divine and mighty *William Tell*—farewell—Rossini's occupation's gone!!!

But not only farewell to Rossini, but farewell to Bellini and Donizetti, and with them farewell to Grisi's Norma, and Grisi's Lucrezia Borgia, and Grisi's Leonora, and Grisi's Elvira, and Grisi's Norina,—in short, farewell to nearly all that has been great and resplendent in the repertoire of the Royal Italian Opera—Italian no more—and welcome bombast, turgidity, vehemence, and idiosyncrasy.

LESSING'S DISSERTATION ON ARISTOTLE'S DEFINITION OF TRAGEDY.

Extracted and Translated from the Hamburgische Dramaturgie.

"Ἔστιν οὖν τραγῳδία μίμησις πράξεως σπουδαίας καὶ τελείας, μέγεθος χρίσεως, ἡδυσμένῳ λόγῳ, χωρὶς ἐκαστοῦ τῶν εἰδῶν ἐν τοῖς μορίοις, δρώντων καὶ οὐ δι' ἀπαγγελίας, δι' ἐλέου καὶ φόβου περαινουσα τῆν τῶν τοιούτων παθημάτων κάθαρσιν.—Aristotle.

Tragedy, then, is an imitation of some important and entire action, having a certain magnitude,—with embellished diction—with different forms in different parts—represented by means of agents and not by narrative;—effecting through pity and fear the purification of such passions.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 557.)

LET us proceed—

4. Aristotle says, "We must not let a thoroughly good man, without any fault of his own, become unfortunate in tragedy; for such a thing would be horrible." "True," says Corneille: "for such a result excites more indignation and hatred against him who causes the suffering, than pity for him who suffers. The former sensation, therefore, which is not the proper effect of tragedy, would, unless very delicately treated, crush the latter, which should really have been produced. The spectator would depart dissatisfied, because too much anger had been mingled with the pity which would have pleased him, if he could have taken it away alone. But" (adds Corneille, for he must come in with a *but*) "if this cause ceases, if the poet so orders his work, that the virtuous man who suffers excites more pity for himself than indignation against him who makes him suffer, then" ("Well, what then?") "Oh then," says Corneille, "I consider there need be no hesitation in exhibiting on the stage even the most virtuous man in misfortune."

I cannot understand how a man can thus go on gabbling at random against a philosopher; how one can pretend to understand him, when one makes him say things of which he never thought. "The wholly unmerited calamity of an excellent man," says Aristotle, "is no subject for tragedy, because it is horrible." Out of this "because," Corneille makes a "provided," a mere condition, on which the subject ceases to be tragic. Aristotle says it is completely horrible, and for that very reason it is not tragic; but Corneille says it is not tragic, provided it be horrible. Aristotle finds the horror in the cause

of the calamity itself; but Corneille puts it in the indignation which is excited against him who has originated it. He does not see, or will not see, that the horror is something very different from the indignation; that even if the latter falls away the former can still exist to its full extent. Let us add, that with respect to the horror, several of his own pieces, which he does not consider made against the rules of Aristotle, seem to him justified by this *quid pro quo*; and that he is presumptuous enough to fancy that Aristotle merely stood in want of such pieces to limit his doctrine accordingly, and to deduce the different ways in which the misfortunes of an excellent man may be made a tragic subject. "En voici," he says, "deux ou trois manières que peut-être Aristote n'a su prévoir, parce qu'on ne voyait pas d'exemples sur les théâtres de son temps." And from whom are these examples taken? From whom but from himself? And what are the two or three ways? We shall soon see.

"The first way," he says, "is when a very virtuous man is persecuted by a very vicious man, but escapes danger, and in such a manner that the vicious man himself becomes involved in it, as is the case in the *Rodrigue* and *Heraclius*, where it would be quite intolerable if, in the first piece, Antiochus and Rodrigue, and in the other Heraclius, Pulcheria, and Martian perished, but Cleopatra and Phocas triumphed. The misfortune of the former awakens a pity, which is not smothered by the abhorrence which we feel for their persecutors, because there is a constant hope that some happy event will take place which will not allow them to fall."

And Corneille would make one believe, forsooth, that Aristotle was not acquainted with this method! He knew it so well that, if he did not wholly reject it, he, at any rate, declared, in express words, that it was more fit for comedy than for tragedy. How was it possible for Corneille to forget this? But so it is with every one who makes his own cause the cause of truth. In fact, this method does not belong to the case in point. For when it is adopted the virtuous man is not unfortunate, but only finds himself on the road to misfortune; which can, indeed, awaken some sympathetic anxiety on his behalf, without being horrible. Now for the second way.

"It can also happen," says Corneille, "that a very virtuous man is persecuted, and perishes at the command of another, who is not vicious enough to merit our utter abhorrence, inasmuch as he shows more weakness than wickedness in his persecution of the virtuous man. When Felix causes his son-in-law, Polyecutes, to be put to death, it is not from an infuriate zeal against the Christians, which would make him detestable, but merely from a crouching timidity, which does not venture to save him in the presence of Severus, of whose hatred and revenge he stands in awe. One does, indeed, feel indignation towards him, and disapproves of his act, but this indignation does not outweigh the pity which we feel for Polyecutes, and does not prevent his wonderful conversion, at the conclusion of the piece, from reconciling him completely to the audience."

I imagine there have been tragic bunglers at all times, even at Athens. Why should Aristotle have lacked a piece, similarly arranged to be just as much enlightened by it, as Corneille? Pshaw!—The timid, wavering, irresolute characters, like Felix are in such pieces only one fault more, and make them on the one hand cold and disgusting, while on the other hand, they do not render them in the least degree less horrible. For, as I have said, the horror does not lie in the indignation or abhorrence which they excite, but in the calamity which befalls undeserving persons, which strikes them in the one case just as undeservedly as in the other,

whether their persecutors are wicked or weak, whether they attack them with or without design. The thought is in itself horrible that there may be men, who are unfortunate, without any fault on their part. What! did the heathens try to keep this horrid thought as far from them as possible, and do we wish to foster it? Do we wish to amuse ourselves with plays that strengthen it? *Wq*, whom religion and reason should have convinced that it is not only wrong but impious? The same objection would doubtless have applied to the third way, if Corneille himself had not forgotten to set it forth more accurately.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SONNET.

NO. C.

THOU nameless fiend, art thou awake again?
Thou soul-corroder, art thou busy yet?
Still laboring thy poison'd darts to whet,
Which, striking, wound, and wound not without stain.
Must I once more hear thy exulting strain,
As in the distance? Can I ne'er forget
Thy constant craving for an ancient debt,
That must be paid with long dull hours of pain?
Oh! let me hide the dark place in my soul,
Where the fiend dwells, and hollows out his way,
Toiling till all is rotten at the core.
If he be real, let false visions roll,
Merging my sense; deluded let me stray
The dreaming wand'rer on a dreamy shore.

N. D.

BARNETT versus FLOWERS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I did not intend to allow myself to be led into any controversy with Mr. Flowers upon the subject of the *scraps* which I sent you; but as he has opened a most formidable attack upon me, seeking to make me appear a bad man, a worse reasoner, and a mere pretender to musical knowledge, I feel myself bound to offer a defence which will I hope not only refute his arguments, but call greatly into question his own virtue, his own logic, and his own musical skill.

The chief part of his letter is a gratuitous insult and uncalled-for criticism; the only point which concerned him to notice was the similarity or dissimilarity between VOULLEN'S Sequences and his own; on this head he has touched but lightly, venturing only a mere assertion, and the whole weight of his letter is brought to bear upon a severe analysis of my examples, intermingled with personal abuse, thereby showing that his object was not so much to prove himself free from the plagiarism charged upon him, as to lower me in the estimation of the profession.

Mr. Flowers makes a mistake at the very starting point; he inquires why I have published my "extracts," and answers himself that it can be no otherwise than that I wish to rival him as a theorist; but he seems to have a misgiving as to the correctness of this answer, perhaps because it does not go far enough to blacken my character: he therefore ventures upon another, and attributes it to the *benevolent* intention of an attempt to strip him of some merit which I have (in the plenitude and sharpness of my discernment) actually discovered in him, accusing me, at the same time, of malice, cunning, and various other atrocities of a like amiable character. Now, my reason for publishing those "extracts" was neither the one nor the other. Mr. Flowers had claimed the invention of *progressive closes*, produced by *addition and subtraction*, and had cautioned all *unprincipled plagiarists* against

making use of them. I therefore submitted to your readers some of a very similar character and treatment, which form a part of VOGLER'S SYSTEM, leaving it to them to decide whether he had any right to the PATENT or not; besides which, it was not improbable that at some future time I might introduce them to the public in a Treatise, in which case Mr. Flowers would assuredly have accused me of stealing them from him. Were it not for this reason, I should have taken no notice of his "closes," nor have had the misery of finding myself again in controversy with the *soi-disant* MUS. BAC. OXON!

Before I pass on to his objections, I come to a passage where Mr. Flowers calls upon LAVATER to bear him out, that I am "an unhappy man." From his taking such an authority, it is to be presumed he draws his deductions from my *physiological peculiarities* (which, by the way, he has not had the gratification of contemplating for many years). Mr. Flowers' remark may be very sympathetic, it is, nevertheless, very untrue, and has nothing to do with his objections to my extracts. Could the same authority be consulted for a manipulation of his *own countenance*, I am afraid to say, or even think, what LAVATER would have pronounced MR. FRENCH FLOWERS!

His first assertion is that neither VOGLER nor SCHNYDER used the agents *addition* and *subtraction* in progressive closes, and his insinuation accordingly is that he is the originator of these progressions. How then comes it, I ask, that I could have copied these "extracts" (which are pretty similar to his own,) from a MS. work, written ten or twelve years ago, emanating from a course of lessons upon *Vogler's system*? That Schnyder uses them as such can be distinctly proved by various other pupils of his, who are at this present time in England; amongst whom I may name MR. PITTMAN, the organist, MR. AQUILLAR, MR. HANDEL GEAR, and MR. MANWELL, added to which, my own work, written in the presence of Schnyder, and approved of by him, is open to the inspection of any professor who wishes to satisfy himself upon the subject. As this fact is undeniable, and as MR. FLOWERS accordingly stands convicted of a falsehood in his very first assertion, who shall attach any weight to his testimony in the rest that he makes? In a court of justice, when a witness once perjures himself all the rest of his evidence is disbelieved. That Mr. Flowers, if cross-examined, would sadly commit himself is sufficiently proved by his next paragraph. After distinctly declaring that neither VOGLER nor SCHNYDER had ever made any use whatever of *addition* and *subtraction* in their closes, he very innocently asks the following question:—"Did VOGLER or SCHNYDER first point out, that harmonies by subtracting and adding two were best suited to the continuation of musical conception?" "No," continues he, "this fact never struck them." Now, by his singling out the subtracting and adding of two, he evidently implies that they did subtract and add by means of *other figures*, although he before stated they did not use the agents *subtraction* and *addition* AT ALL! This last question, however, can be readily answered. It was not necessary to point out two in particular from any other figure, because one's common sense and ear would naturally suggest the best mode of treatment. But here, as in the foregoing assertion, he is again at fault; for if your readers will refer to my remarks at page 520 they will find *subtraction* by 1 objected to for reasons advanced, and that "subtraction by 2 and by 3 is EFFECTIVE;" if, therefore, the fact never struck VOGLER and SCHNYDER that adding and subtracting 2 were best suited to the continuation of musical conception, how could I, in quoting VOGLER, expressly say that "SUBTRACTION BY 2 IS EFFECTIVE?"

We next learn, from a few words which escaped him, his *real* motive for making such a fierce and canine attack upon his "*unhappy fellow student*." It is not because I envy him, no!—or wish to rob him of his merit; no!—it is not on account of my cunning, malice, or revenge, but it is because, by mere accident, I have unintentionally forestalled his publication of Sequences, which I now learn, for the first time, he is compiling into a work, and had hoped to palm upon the world as his own. *Mort dieu!* this will be understood by the following extract from his letter:—

"It is now clear to me that the sale of my forthcoming work on Sequence (which the famous Dr. SPÖHR has permitted me to dedicate to him), will not be damaged in the least by the theoretical writings of my rival."

It is, however, much more clear that, although Doctor FLOWERS asserts this, he thinks quite differently, and he accordingly vents his disappointment and chagrin in a long string of abuse, accusation, and unfounded assertion.

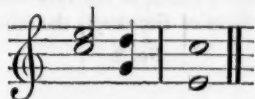
Mr. Flowers next declares that adding or subtracting any given number to *one chord* cannot form a sequence, and shrewdly asks "how can one chord resemble no chord?" It is easy to answer, that *one chord* may resemble another; thus a succession of concords or discords may be produced, *strictly resembling* each other by means of subtraction, and a sequence would be produced, although of only one link. Mr. Flowers may object as much as he pleases, but Vogler and Schnyder have given these sequences; and although these are the mines in which he digs, if he is not satisfied, I tell him that no less a person than BEETHOVEN has used the very sequence he so much abuses with an effect almost celestial. This will be evident to any who will take the trouble to look in the *Mount of Olives*, and search for the recitative of the Angel, preceding the duet in A flat. He will there find the progression which he denominates "*sheer nonsense*!" perpetrated by BEETHOVEN! the only slight difference between the two is, that in the *Mount of Olives* the progression begins upon the *minor triad* instead of the *major*. In denouncing this progression as "*sheer nonsense*," he says "I wish he would shew me such a bass;" I could, therefore, in common politeness, do no less than comply with his wish. I have shewn him a progression and a bass uncommonly like the one he objects to, in one of the greatest works of the greatest writer. Hear it, brother professors! FRENCH FLOWERS has decided that one of BEETHOVEN'S grandest emanations is "*sheer nonsense*!" We shall most certainly have him next lamenting that BEETHOVEN could not have enjoyed the benefit of studying from his forthcoming work upon sequence (dedicated by permission to the famous Dr. Spöhr!)

"Oh! FLOWERS, you're become, it seems, a *hard sequential*;
I marvel not, for you've been always *consequential*."

But I leave it to your readers to decide which is right; it is not me whom he is quarreling with, but his own secret and unavowed authorities, Vogler and Schnyder; and as I expressly stated I took no credit to myself in the publication of these exercises, but acknowledged the source from whence they came, I cannot be answerable for their imperfections, if there be any, but which Mr. Flowers has failed as yet to prove.

He next finds fault with my *two linked* sequences, which he says contain hidden 8ths. I thought he was not so ignorant as not to know that it is deemed mere hypercriticism to object to these in such progressions; no music could be written without not only hidden 8ths, but 5ths also; the most generally

used passages abound with them, and we find them in the writings of the most legitimate masters hourly;—take, for example, the following passage so frequently made use of:—



Will he not find hidden 5ths between $\frac{x}{c}$ and $\frac{D}{c}$?

I will not trouble your readers with extracts from the first authorities to prove this, because they cannot only amply satisfy themselves upon the subject, but it is already both admitted and established, and Mr. F. might as well deny the centre of gravity, or the revolutions of the earth round the sun.

Mr. FLOWERS, you said Schnyder, on looking at my exercises, would have told me to "try again." As you have as yet failed to prove me ignorant of writing two chords correctly, I beg leave to make use of those words to you. "Try again, Mr. FLOWERS." Mr. FLOWERS *does* try again, and in his next sally he endeavours, by confounding one extract with another, to make it appear that I am offering specimens of sequences by subtraction, while I am intending to exhibit sequences of addition; he therefore flies from the first example to the last. The one in question was not stated by me to be either by addition or subtraction. On reference to the end of page 520 it will be found that I state that "a considerable number (of cadences) may be produced from the *haupte-seventh close* * * by being taken upon different degrees of the scale;" not one word in all this is said about ADDITION or SUBTRACTION, and the example itself comes from a different part of my work—it is one of 7ths, while all the others are triads; nevertheless, my friend FLOWERS jesuitically jumbles up the one with the other for the laboured purpose of making it appear that I have "broken my own rule" in every one of my illustrations; and it is here necessary to say that the objections made to portions of the example at 521 are as shallow and hypercritical as the rest of his strictures. On referring to my paper it will be found that I have given marginal notes, pointing out the chief imperfections which *must* necessarily occur in some parts of all such progressions, and it is fortunate for me that I did so, or Mr. F. would assuredly have brought them against me as specimens of my ignorance in the theory of music. His stated objections are mere opinions (and very dull ones they are). Mr. F. may not like *wide harmony* in one place, nor *close harmony* in another; these, however, do not become established as faults because he pleases to proclaim them such. There is no Act of Parliament to prevent him from asserting that the *EROTICA* is trash, or that the *PASTORALE* is a plagiarism. He may, if he pleases, make these assertions, and get laughed at as much as he deserves to be in the present instance. He has objected to the whole of this example, with one single exception, and yet there is not one single error (properly so called) that he has pointed out. Mr. FLOWERS doubtless thinks that as I corrected his examples ON A FORMER OCCASION, (which would be painful to him to have repeated,) he has a right to return the compliment now; on that head I pardon him, and could he have found anything to correct in my extracts, I should even have thanked him for returning me one of the many lessons I have given him.

"A pupil in ten lessons," continues Mr. F., "could not commit himself more" (than I have); from which remark it is evident that Mr. FLOWERS is the person who has committed himself, as he appears totally ignorant of what he reads; for mark what he says: "Mr. Barnett has pursued no plan; he

runs from the sequences by *triads* to those of *tetrads*, touches on sequences upon cadences without even explaining their meaning." Had he known the meaning of what he read, he could not have found it necessary to make this remark, for I distinctly stated in my letter that they were "disjointed extracts," which explanation was quite sufficient to have rendered such a remark uncalled for. But I am prepared still further to show that Mr. F. does not understand the meaning of what he reads, for in the latter part of his letter he winds up with the following:—"It now remains for Mr. Barnett to defend himself, which if he cannot (and how can he), allow me to remind him that hard words will avail him nothing, and to beg of him in future to *speak of the letters I write to you in more becoming phraseology* than calling them 'these scraps,' for that will only show bad feeling, bad breeding, and bad temper." Now, supposing I *had* called his letters "scraps," I do not see what either *feeling, breeding, or temper* can have to do with such a term. It will, however, readily be conceded that I could not allude to Mr. F.'s *single letter* in using the words "these scraps." Mr. ASPULL might as reasonably take it as an allusion to his own letter, but that gentleman has too much sense, and knows too much of LANDLEY MURRAY to commit such a blunder. The passage in my letter, from which he has quoted these words, runs as follows:—"I neither take any part in the discussion between himself (Mr. F.) and Mr. Aspull, nor do I intend to be led into any controversy upon the subject of *THESE SCRAPS*." In this I of course alluded to the "scraps" which I sent you for publication—the "disjointed extracts," so often alluded to by your correspondent. This remark was made in the hope that Mr. F. would spare your readers from a fresh wrangle upon this subject; my meaning is made obvious by the concluding sentence, which runs thus:—"It is between ourselves (the Editor and myself) that the question rests, whether Mr. FLOWERS' progressions are his own or VOGLER'S?" The "scraps" which I sent were (as I stated at first) intended to show the similarity between Vogler's and those proposed by Mr. Flowers, and I could only have alluded to them in the latter part of my letter, and not to the letter written by Mr. FLOWERS. How much of the "*bad feeling*," "*bad breeding*," and "*bad temper*," are exhibited by Mr. French Flowers in his very attempt to prove them upon me! After all this recrimination, he actually expresses his willingness to be on "*friendly terms*" with me. I might, with as much consistency, say, "Although Jack Ketch is a loathsome and revolting hangman, I shall be happy at all times to see him at my table to dinner."

Mr. Editor, my weary task is fulfilled; I have answered every important part of Mr. Flowers' letter—whether satisfactorily or not remains for your readers to decide. I never was so unprofitably or uninterestingly engaged, and I devoutly hope never to be so again. The attack of Mr. Flowers was as ungenerous as it was uncalled for, and I hope that the castigation he has received of me will prove salutary to him, and caution him in future against playing with edged tools; and as it cannot now be urged that I have in any way shirked this matter, I cannot be held blameable in declaring that I shall stand by this refutation, without condescending any future reply to Mr. F. upon this subject, in which declaration I am sure to have the concurrence of your readers.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

JOHN BARNETT.

Clifton House, Cheltenham, Sept. 3rd.

**"CURIOSUM" CONCERNING THE ENGLISH NATIONAL
CANON, "NON NOBIS DOMINE."**

ACCIDENTALLY looking over some old files of this journal,
(says Robert Schuman, in No. 38 of Brendel's Leipziger

Musikalische Zeitung,) I met with the Canon, *Non nobis Domine*, as sung generally in England after public dinners, composed by William Byrde 300 years ago; now it happens that a little while ago I found, in the 15th volume of Mozart's Works, (the old edition of Breitkopf) the following Canon:—

No. 1:

W. BYRDE, 1590.

Tenori. Non no - bis Do - mi - ne, non no -
Non no - bis Do - mi - ne, non
Bass. Non no - bis

CANON.

No. 2.

v. MOZART.

Sopran. O! wunder - schön ist Gottes Er - de
Alt. O! wunderschön ist Gottes Er -
Bass. O! wunderschön ist

bis sed no - mi - ni tuo da glo - ri -
no - bis sed nomini tuo da
Domi - ne, non no - bis sed nomini

NB.
und werth darauf, da ver - gnügt zu sein,
de und werth darauf, da vergnügt zu
Got - tes Er - de, und werth darauf, da

am, sed nomi - ni tuo da glo - ri -
glo - ri - am, sed nomini tuo da
NB.
tuo da glo - ri - am sed nomini

Drum will ich bis ich einst U - sche werd
sein! Drum will ich bis ich einst Usche,
NB.
ver - gnügt zu sein? Drum will ich, auch die-

am, non no - bis Do - mi - ne.
glo - ri - am, non no - bis Domi - ne
tuo da glo - ri - am non,

mich die - fer Er - de freun.
mich der Er - de freun,
ser Erde mich freun.

These Canons are, as one sees at the first glance, exactly the same (excepting in the English copy, in the 10th bar, in consequence of the F natural following G).

Now who is the composer?

Has the mystification taken place in England? or is the Canon by Byrde? and have the publishers, finding a copy in Mozart's handwriting, and fully believing it his composition, published it, and committed unknowingly the error?

In my opinion (says Schumann), the Canon *may be Mozart's*,—the conception of the German words, the masterly arrangement of the parts, as well as the melody, would speak for it; but it is not impossible that it is not by him.

We would beg the Editor of the *Musical World* to try to find out whether the said Canon was already sung or printed in England before the year 1765; if so, England claims it: but if not, it may be permitted that we doubt W. Byrde's authorship. However as soon as we have an answer from England, we shall not fail to communicate it to our readers immediately.

R. SCHUMAN.

MR. R. B. ISAACS' GRAND CONCERT.

(From the Liverpool Mail.)

THERE is not perhaps a more unenviable position for a person than to find his endeavours in a good cause on one hand unsuccessful, and on the other misconstrued; and as we have good reasons for knowing that Mr. Isaacs' anxious wish was to present a handsome amount to the sufferers by the late catastrophe, we regret the more that a serious loss is the result of his onerous undertaking, and that the favourable prospects have not been realized which the box sheet gave promise of before the sad accident to the "Ocean Monarch." Had any person told us that we could only find one hundred and eighty people in all Liverpool to pay half-a-crown, and no more than eighty to give four shillings to hear the finest contralto in the world, we should have discredited the statement, and have felt sure the individual lived in Manchester; but the truth must out, we believe the numbers respectively contained in the large gallery and upper boxes were not so large as those named. We feel much grieved that the charity is not benefited to the extent it would have been had the lower-priced portions of the house filled properly. As it is, Mr. Isaacs loses about £80, and the charity gets nothing, owing to the *unsecured* seats not being occupied.

Musically speaking, there could be only one opinion, it was most successful. Alboni confirmed previous ideas, whether founded on hearsay or experience. She is as nearly perfect in her art as humanity can be. She must, and does, divide the honours with Jenny Lind, on the ground of purity of tone, brilliancy of execution, and artistical conception. Her wonderful compass was fully displayed in the few concluding passages of "Non piu mesta," where she fell from a fine-toned high treble to the fullest contralto with apparent ease. Her whole reading of this rondo was marked by originality and tasteful ornamentation, many of the roulades being perfectly wonderful. In the air from *Betty*, and the page's song from *Lucrezia Borgia*, which she substituted for "In questo semplace," when encored, she was most successful. The duett with Salvi, and afterwards with Corbari, gave opportunity for the effective display of her beautiful tone, and which again gave increased charm to the well-harmonized notes of the other principals in the prayer from *Mosé*, and the exquisite quartett, "Cielo il mio labbro" from Rossini's *Lady of the Lake*.

In point of excellence, we should next rank Signor Salvi, in whom we were hardly prepared to find such perfection of

feeling and taste. The exquisitely chaste style with which he rendered Donizetti's "Una furtiva lagrima," and the elegant introduction of his falsetto, clear as a bell, both here and in Verdi's Romance, bespoke the finished artiste; and we could but feel that if Nature had not given him so perfect an organ as Mario, art, at least, has secured for him an equal mastery over his powers. "A te o cara" called into operation the varied excellence of this great singer, and left us no cause to desire the presence of any other tenor. Signora Corbari was exceedingly interesting, as usual, and sang everything committed to her with much sweetness. She appeared suffering from a severe cold, which affected her spirits. Rossini's pretty sparkling cavatina, "La Pastorella," called forth a well deserved encore.

Paltoni was not so successful in "Ecco il pegno," as he is in buffo songs. This was proved by his being honored with an encore in "Largo il factotum;" spite of his voice lacking the equality and flexibility which it doubtless once possessed, he is still an exceedingly useful singer, and gave evident signs of his having as much humour as ever. The pianists were admirable. Mr. Isaacs never played better, we think; his interpretation of Mendelssohn's Serenade and Allegro was deserving of the utmost praise. We would most particularly refer to the clearness and distinctness with which he sustained the Lieder, and other portions in arpeggio; he seemed to understand his author, and grappled most successfully with the gigantic difficulties of this piece. The delicate interweaving of the band accompaniment was kept judiciously subdued, never drowning, but always adding effect to the piano—a noble instrument of Broadwood's, by the way, from Messrs. Hime and Sons. The duett by Osborne, played as well as it could be, by the composer and Mr. Isaacs, was showy and pretty, and in parts nicely worked out, but as a whole did not possess many of the features of grandeur which the title led us to expect. It is principally a melancholy air, in a peculiar key (E flat minor), varied, and subsequently repeated in the major. It affords scope for some excellent execution, however, and received due attention. The overtures were, *Zauberflöte* and *Der Freischütz*. The former was capitally executed; the important part of first flute being ably filled by Mr. S. Percival, whose absence from the orchestra of the Philharmonic Society in this capacity we have often been surprised at, and as often regretted. The opening of *Der Freischütz* was given on this occasion with unusual perfection, owing to the presence of the horns of the 46th regiment, who played most beautifully in tune. The intricate conclusion of the first movement was not so steady as it might have been, but the capital manner in which the finale was worked out fully compensated for this trifling drawback. We should also state that the band accompaniments to several of the vocal pieces wanted precision, particularly that to "Non piu mesta," spite of Mr. Osborne's conducting hand, and Mr. Herrmann's endeavors as leader.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS AT LIVERPOOL.

(From the Liverpool Chronicle.)

THE Theatre Royal has rarely presented a more brilliant appearance than it did on Thursday evening, August 30, when a numerous and fashionable audience assembled to witness the performance of the *Twelfth Night* by the amateurs connected with the Brunswick Club. Every part of the theatre was filled. Desirous of applying their talents in a way the best calculated to aid the unfortunate sufferers of the "Ocean Monarch," the amateurs determined on again representing Shakspeare's comedy, and, unwilling to rely solely on their

own attraction, they called in the aid of the highest professional ability in the town. It is gratifying to state that in no instance was a refusal even hinted at. The alacrity with which the first musical talent in Liverpool responded to the invitation to assist the amateurs, is creditable to all the ladies and gentlemen who took part in the concert on Thursday evening. Professional jealousies, if they existed, were thrown aside on an occasion devoted to charity, and combined with the services of Mr. Baker and his clever and promising daughter, assisted by the band of the 46th regiment, the result was a full house, a delightful evening's entertainment, and a full treasury. The proceeds will place at least £150 at the service of the Committee for befriending the poor emigrants.

Nothing could exceed the desire of all parties to give the good work a helping hand. Mr. Simpson, the lessee of the theatre, refused to accept a shilling for its use. His polite and gentlemanly representative, Mr. Wadds, was indefatigable in his exertions. Mr. Copeland, of the Amphitheatre, at much personal inconvenience, granted the services of three or four members of his company. The officers of the 46th, in addition to the occupancy of four or five boxes, gave, as we have stated, the aid of their powerful band, ably led by Mr. Seume. Mr. Littledale, and his friends of the yacht, and the officers of the "Affonso," honoured the house with their presence. In short, the feeling behind the curtain met with a noble response in the audience before it, and rarely has an evening's entertainment, extending over five hours, left behind it more pleasurable associations.

Of the amateurs themselves it is superfluous to speak. Their acting was more mellow, and therefore more effective than on any previous occasion. Three or four of the leading characters stood out, of course, in contrast with others, but all was marked by good taste and good sense. The picturesque dress and bearing of Miss Glover were much admired.

The concert was excellent. Miss Whitnall, Mrs. George Holden, and Miss Jessie Hammond, sustained their deservedly high reputations. The gentlemen were not less zealous or able. Of the two tenor singers, Mr. Ryalls and Mr. Bishop, collision seemed to inspire them. They were on their mettle, and delighted the house. Mr. Armstrong sang tastefully, and the accompaniments of Messrs. Aldridge and Holden, during the evening, were in the best style of those accomplished musicians.

The farce of "Turning the Tables" went off admirably. There are few things on the stage funnier than Mr. Baker's *Jack Humphrey*. It is the perfection of farce. Mr. R. Brough displayed a higher capacity for acting in *Jeremiah Bumps* than in any part he had played previously. But the great charm of the piece was the acting of Miss Baker, which will not readily be forgotten. This young lady, it is clear, has a brilliant career before her, and at no distant day must reach the height of her profession. Miss Strickland made a most successful *debut*. It would be illiberal to omit honorable mention of one gentleman, who is unexampled as a stage-manager and director—Mr. Peter Lloyd. No inconsiderable amount of the success which marked the performance, is fairly attributable to his exertions. To this gratifying record of successful exertion, there is one drawback. The religious scruples of the Mayor would not permit him to patronise the entertainments, when his aid was solicited. Strange, that the same starched morality which repudiated Shakspeare in the cause of charity, should support the rather *outré* personifications of Madame Wharton, at the Zoological Gardens. But saints, we presume, are exempt from the same rules of consistency that regulate ordinary mortals.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

MARYLEBONE.—This very elegant little theatre is pursuing a most prosperous career, and, with the assistance of the Keeleys, has been crowded to excess every night since their engagement. The performances of the present week have been a dramatic version of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, the burlesque of *Ali Baba and The Forty Thieves*, and the farce of *Shocking Events*. In *Martin Chuzzlewit*, Mrs. Keeley plays Mrs. Todger's boy-flunky, the "Bailey," and Mr. Keeley his original part of Mrs. Gamp. Both these characters are excellently sustained, and produce roars of laughter. We cannot speak in very high terms of the adaptation of Dickens's novel. The introduction of nearly all the characters in the story into the narrow space allotted to a three-act piece, although it may afford a better notion of the original, spoils the interest of the play, and gives but a very feeble notion of each separate character. Mrs. Gamp, for example, appears so seldom, that but for the recollections derived from the perusal of the original story, the auditor would receive little or no impression from her introduction in the piece; and some of the characters, such as the jolly-under-adversity Mark Tapley, and the gentle Ruth Pinch, one of Dickens's most beautiful creations, have not two words given them to speak. We acknowledge the difficulties the adapter had to encounter, but fancy that more might have been worked out of the materials.

Besides the Mrs. Gamp of Keeley, and the "Bailey" of Mrs. Keeley, some of the other characters were well sustained. The Jonas Chuzzlewit of Mr. James Johnstone was capital, as was also Mr. Cooke's Pecksniff and Mr. Saunders' Pinch. Miss Cooke and Miss Mary Keeley were respectively good as the amiable daughters of Pecksniff, Mercy and Charity; while Miss Oliver looked the beautiful and gentle Ruth Pinch to admiration. Mr. Howe's Montague Tigg is also entitled to praise.

The piece was exceedingly well got up. The example afforded by Mrs. Warner has not been lost sight of by the present management. There is no theatre in the metropolis better conducted in every respect than the Marylebone is at the present moment.

The burlesque of *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves*, as far as the getting up is concerned, could hardly be surpassed by any theatre in London. The dresses are splendid, and the *mise en scene* worthy an establishment of higher note.

The theatre has been newly fitted up and decorated in a style at once elegant and convenient; and nothing has been omitted to render it a popular and fashionable resort.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

FLOWERS *versus* BARNETT.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Unlucky fate! a testament he's got,
Written by me when we were on fair terms.
To say he's "shallow" serveth me now not,
For folks will say, 'tis temper me infirms!

SIR,—Mr. John Barnett (composer of many pretty operas which I should like to hear again) behaves himself most unseemly, and manifests a weakness wholly out of keeping with his professional standing. If this musician's heart were manly, his head or brains would more nobly fill their office, but the falling off of the one counteracts the benefit arising from the other. To what has his heart reduced him? The answer is evident; for merely contrast Mr. Barnett's present language and that of ten years back, and it will be seen either that he told the truth in 1838, or that he tells the truth in 1848; and the only question to solve is, in which year he told a lie!

Thus he now speaks of my abilities and qualifications:—"All the merit he possesses [look at his testimonial] he is right welcome to"—"I ever wish for his own sake, poor man! [he sympathises] that he possessed a considerably greater share, [how generous!] because the economy required

[against the graspers at my investigations] in making the most of his present limited stock [look again at the testimonial] must be a source of great perplexity to [my rival] him."

I now subjoin Mr. John Barnett's own honest testimonial, kindly presented to me at a time when he had no reason to disguise his real opinions:—

"22, Percy Street, Rathbone Place,
"April 6th, 1888.

"I consider Mr. G. F. Flowers to be an accomplished musician, and intimately acquainted with the Theory of Music in all its branches. I have likewise just perused a vocal composition in five parts composed by him, which is a very masterly specimen of writing, and shows that he is acquainted with all the resources of his art.

"JOHN BARNETT."

Mr Editor, should you doubt the authenticity of this very nice testimonial, written at an early stage of my professional career, I shall be most happy to show you the original copy, and as you know Mr. Barnett's hand-writing well, you can answer for the genuineness of it.

I am glad to find that the illustrations of the sequence V to VI do credit to our excellent master; but double the number of ways may be found to treat this sequence. I will leave Mr. Barnett to find the others out; which if he cannot do I will show him how, and hope my shallowness will be no "source of perplexity to him!" I do not understand Mr. Barnett's "partial explanation" of link; if he mean to assert that Vogler conceived that *one link* could make a sequence, I must beg to defend the Abbé from misunderstanding, for he never could have written nonsense; so Mr. Barnett's partial explanation involves him into greater difficulty.

Is a man to be accused of placing himself in "juxtaposition" with illustrious characters, simply because he states having employed their arguments and agents? This is the notion of a boy, not of a man!—So much then for Mr. Barnett's discovery of my conceit and presumption. I wonder how my rival will set about "screwing up his courage to the sticking place" next week, when he attempts to defend the faults he committed in the 12 sequences by subtracting one! By the way, I showed these faults to a pupil of mine, (a lady of sixteen years of age,) and she said, "Perhaps Mr. Barnett will say he made the faults on purpose, if you mention them." I replied, "Oh, no! he will never be so childish, because the indirect octaves, &c. are of no use to instruct students." But this lady guessed rightly, for positively my rival states that the "imperfections arise out of the sequence itself." Now this I deny; and if he continue to affirm this, I will prove to him that in most cases the bad part writing has nothing to do with the nature of the sequences. "Hauptone" (i. e. principal tone) means *Root*, not "the Prime," as Mr. Barnett translates the word. *Prime* does not definitely express the principal tone of a chord, but is equally applicable to the interval of a *prime* (so called by the Germans), or a Unison.

Lastly, as Mr. Barnett is about to screw his "courage up to the sticking-place," (*sticking-place* sounds comical), perhaps he will now say what his last lesson and number was, on the study of Fomx, that (*he says*) he took with our master, and give the subject of it? Mr. Barnett can again refer to his *disjointed or detached extracts*, his *memorandums*, or his own work on *Form*, that he once informed your readers he had by him! It may seem strange that I ask this question; and I will just prepare your readers for this result, viz., that Mr. Barnett will not dare to answer it; and I will explain the reason why, Mr. Editor, in another letter. In the meantime, I am, Sir, yours obliged,

FRENCH FLOWERS.

ASPULL VERSUS FLOWERS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Lives there a man of contrapuntal powers,
So dead to fame as not to know French Flowers?
Whose skill in fugue and cadence-progressive,
Is only beat by—modesty excessive!
Rivals—avaunt! he is not your victim,
Tho' oft he writes as if he felt you'd kick'd him,
Pity 'tis—like the dull ass with lengthen'd face,
The more he's kick'd—the duller is his pace!

Sir,—In answer to the extraordinary effusion of that extraordinary being who rejoices in the name of French Flowers, I would be brief—very brief; but the unwarrantable attack upon a would-be unoffending individual like myself, is couched in language so commonplace and vulgar, and so opposite to every feeling which should emanate from a brother in the Art-divine, that I cannot refrain from trespassing on your courtesy and kindness for the insertion of a reply. "Fair play is a jewel." I am not at all ambitious of being the great "licker," or so "hard a thumper" as my antagonist so elegantly and so felicitously gives himself credit for; and as I particularly wish my Goliath-like frame to be unscathed from any opposing little David, and as I have a similar conservative feeling for

my ever faithful friend and servant, my piano! I shall take especial care that neither one or the other come within reach of so fierce and so hard a thumper! fore-warned—fore-armed. Ods daisies, daffodils, dandelions, and buttercups! what a flaming, raging, fiery peony is before me!—Heaven save the mark! what a hero it is. Yet is he most happy; for, in his own opinion, is he not

"the sweetest victim
Who has often lick'd em"

into smithereens? It is in this fashion that he heads one of the most conceited, shallow, vain, and egotistical letters ever penned by man! Having asserted that he had "invented" a new system of Theory of Music, having advertised, and published it as his own, we are now told that it was based on the Abbe Vogler's system. Supported by a numerous list of subscribers, it has been a matter of curiosity to know if such a thing could be found as any one subscriber who had ever gone through his copy. His next work may be, and I hope will be, more elucidatory, for is it not "dedicated to the famous Dr. Spohr?" Having asserted, that "progressive cadences" were his own, and modestly cautioned his *confreres* not to rob him of his inventions, "which only come to him by great study and deep reflection," he now claims the merit (if, indeed, there is any, and which I very much doubt) of treating them arithmetically, forsooth! It has been reserved for John Barnett to expose the inflated pretensions of this all-grasping egotist, and in placing the statue on its own pedestal, to do "the state some service." As to the application of his subtraction and addition, if indeed it is an "invention," after all, and useful, and worthy of being classed with the sublime discoveries of a Bacon, a Galileo, a Newton, and a Herschell, pray let the gentleman have his own proper niche among the worthies of his age. I would be the last man living who would rob him of the slightest portion, nay, the most infinitesimal fragment of that fame justly his due. But I distinctly and definitively deny the power of "invention" in F. F. It lies not in anything yet done—it lies not in his face, phrenologically speaking: if there is any one thing that may be said to be his own, it assuredly lies in his literary (?) effusions. There he is unrivalled—in that region he may look around and exclaim, with poor Crusoe, "I am monarch of all I survey!" Is it in these times, in the middle of the 19th century, that gentlemen are compelled to lay bets of £20 to support an argument, or to enforce a conviction? I know not where such may be found. French Flowers does. Argal, "Evil communications corrupt good manners;" good feeling, good breeding, and good temper, in all of which he shows such a want of sufficiency when addressing a Barnett, or the very humble individual who is now writing. I throw off, with unmitigated contempt, the desire to injure F. F.—an attribute he invariably gives to all who are opposed to him in argument. I disclaim all meanness, even that of being "meaner than Mr. Barnett," or any one else. I condemn the usage of such phrases, as well as those of "public liar;" and I hurl, with the indignation it deserves, the unfair motives attributed to me. I have no £20 to devote to idle, vain, and foolish bets, nor has F. F. I will not in this do him the injustice to think so—though in the vein of that monomania, that *cacothese scribendi et loquendi*, for which he seems only to live, he would fain commit a moral suicide. I never knew a Dr. Kinch, in Darmstadt, nor did he. The great and good Dr. Kinch I knew, and deeply lament his decease. F. F. knew the great author of the Organ-schule also, and to the great sorrow of the worthy doctor; who, with much emotion, lamented that he should have had a pupil so unworthy of his regard. In a letter published in the *Musical World* some six or seven years ago, there appears a graphic account of this, which arose from the fact of a pupil having prevailed upon him to harmonize some of our finest psalms, and who afterwards had the extreme modesty to publish them as his own! The writer of that letter had never seen the party complained of, and merely detailed the fact. Comment on this is unnecessary. Mr. Flowers demands proofs of his having made "ill-timed assertions upon himself." He shall have them *cum multis alitis*. He has asserted, in the *Musical World*, "that he is the greatest theorist this country possesses;" that "he is the only Englishman who ever wrote a fugue upon a certain construction." He asserted that "he was the founder of the 'Contrapuntal Society,' when no such society existed. He has asserted that "John Barnett is his rival;" and if these are not "ill-timed" and misplaced assertions, I may as well doubt mine own identity. If I know aught of John Barnett, the attempt to constitute him a rival will produce nothing but the most ineffable contempt. To compare a Barnett with a Flowers is, *en verité*, Hyperion to a satyr—"look on this picture, and on that!" For sheer dogmatical hardihood of assertion—for a most overweening and illimitable egotism—I would back the modest F. F. against the world. And yet does he exhibit that crouching, craven form which is ever allied to men of little minds. Why, after so much vaunt, fear the hard words of a Barnett? Why suffer the pages of the *Musical World* to retain, unannounced, the many ugly en-

quiries respecting a certain concocted exercise for a certain musical degree—no less than that of Mus. Bac. Oxon? I am accused of want of candour, of want of true generosity of heart, to say, even so mercifully! that he had sinned against propriety and good taste when speaking of himself; and now, when reluctantly, most reluctantly, bringing forward proofs, what other and extraordinary attribute comes next? The sweet enjoyment of that low and cunning chuckle with which he contemplated the snare he so unwittingly laid down to entrap Mr. Barnett and myself is worth a king's ransom. Had he no fear of a rejoinder?—a second thunder rolling o'er his devoted head? Trap for trap, by Jove! And when next he offers to lay £20 upon another argument or opinion, let it be upon the *originality* of the exercise. He may meet with a customer—but not with me, I assure him. I wage no war with any man. I seek no man's hate, love, or fear. I disclaim all attempts to "disguise" in the remarks I offered. I would not break the wing of a gossamer knowingly, much more "defame" character—particularly of one of whom I know nothing (save that in his writings) but kindness and amiability. I have no delusions about modulations in or out of the key; if I had, they should be at the gratuitous service of F. F. I only sought to prove the fact, that "modulation in the key" was no new term. In this I succeeded; and the only harm I wish to the promised forthcoming discoveries in arithmetical-progressive-cadences is, that they may be as harmless as my modulative inferences. Algebraical and mathematical study and calculations form one of the most pleasing as well as absorbing amusements ever given to man. There is no branch of study produces greater enthusiasm. In it are shown those triumphs of mental power, which are far greater than those of more warlike glory. Self-culture and self-instruction are paramount, producing that which those fine lines of Goldsmith so happily illustrate:—

"For self-dependent mind can time defy,
As rocks resist the billow and the sky."

I must conclude—let me, however, revert to the conclusion of F. F.'s remarkable letter, which is drawn up in a style at once his own—in itself it has no parallel. He modestly assures us that he "made a virtue of saying that the method he followed was founded on Abbé Vogler's theory." *Credat Judeus!* make a virtue of not robbing another of his own inventions! He as gratuitously assumes the introduction of novelties, "as he charges Mr. Barnett and Mr. Aspull with the wish to conceal them from the world." We are charged with a shameless endeavour to give a disagreeable tinge to his character! I have had an opportunity of collating the published work of French Flowers with the MS. of the Abbé Vogler's himself, on many points connected with his theory, and still maintain that any "industrious and diligent pupil," under so eminent a master as X. Schnyder Von Wartensee, might have given proofs of industry, which John Barnett has ably done, without the exhibition of a wish to appropriate to himself that which was not his own. I have gone through that portion of F. F.'s letter which concerned me more immediately. John Barnett can defend himself—he wields a trenchant pen, as well as arm; both would seem necessary in combat with the very flower of chiv—no! counterpoint; whose promised "hard thumps" and "licking powers" give token of deeds to do which never yet were done. On to the onslaught!

"Cry havoc! let slip the dogs of war!"

But stop!—alas! for chivalrous deeds. Shades of Froissart and Bayard, here is gold! yes, gold! The flower of counterpoint—*sans peur, sans reproche*.

"He offers gold in proof of his position." Down with the flag—up with the vizor—sheathe the bright sword—let the pennon'd lance shiver! *au reste* for aye.

He offers gold—gold in proof—in proof of his position! I have done. Gold—gold! Bets £20!—bets gold! Adieu!—*modest* F. F. adieu!—*au revoir!*

WILLIAM ASPULL.

MR. DISTIN AND THE PRESS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—In your last week's publication, I read a notice of myself and sons' performance at Bristol, saying—"A fortnight ago we had the Distin family here, whose concerts were tolerably well attended, although it did not escape general notice how much their performances suffered through the death of one of the brothers."—The whole of this statement is a falsehood. I can with confidence assert, that our performance has not lost in its effect anything, or the public and profession are likewise deceiving us; for one and all have declared the effect is not lost, neither does it suffer in any way; and many have said to me,

they consider it more (if possible) complete than before; as we have the perfect quartet—viz., soprano, alto, tenor, and bass, with the piano-forte accompaniment; the sax-horns taking the voice parts exactly as they are written in the operas we select from. We have visited Bristol several times, but never were the audiences more or so enthusiastic as the last time. To prove this I briefly state the applause we received, and my being called before the curtain on the first night (although I did not respond to that call; for I had retired to the green-room of the theatre before I knew the subject of that call); and the second concert—viz., the Monday night following—the applause was as great as the first night; and at the conclusion, the whole house simultaneously rose, and gave three cheers—a circumstance (as we were told) almost unprecedented in Bristol.

Now, sir, I ask you, as a man wishing to do justice to all parties, does this appear that we have lost any of the effects? I therefore rely on you, after this statement (which I can prove by the parties who attended the concerts, and the different journals) to do us justice.—I am Sir, your obedient servant,
JOHN DISTIN.

[We have inserted Mr. Distin's letter because he has claimed its insertion as a matter of justice at our hand; but, at the same time, we confess, we differ *in toto* from the spirit with which it was indited. The truth is, that Mr. Distin is far more impressed with his own importance than any section of the public, provincial or metropolitan. That Mr. Distin and his family are talented and clever performers on their very peculiar and novel instruments all must allow; but that it is of the slightest consequence to the public whether Mr. Distin and his family play, or do not play, on their peculiar and novel instruments, no one would be mad enough to admit. It would have appeared more sensible in Mr. Distin, if not more paternally sensitive, if he had alluded less angrily to the notice that appeared in our journal respecting the supposed inefficiency of the performance resulting from his son's death; a result which was, indeed, inevitable, if Mr. Distin's son was the GREAT performer his father always represented him; at all events the feeling displayed by Mr. Distin, in allusion to his son's loss, may be complimentary to him as a musician, but is certainly not so as a father. When Mr. Distin has become as great a favorite as Jenny Lind, or Alboni, which will be about "Tib's Eve," neither before nor after Christmas, then may he be overlooked for firing up at a harmless error in a provincial journal.—Ed. M. W.]

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

"Music and Education:" by DR. MAINZER.—LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, and LONGMANS.

DR. MAINZER has dedicated his work to the members of the Educational Institute of Scotland, although in his introductory remarks he is not sparing of hard hits against the Scotch Schools in general, and the Town Council of Edinburgh in particular. The Doctor writes with some bitterness against the authorities, but his animadversions are certainly just. With all the love of the Scotch for music, and all their boasted veneration for their national melodies, there is no cultivated city in the universe where the professors of the art are held in less respect, and where the art itself is so little prized as in Edinburgh. This more particularly refers to the Magnates of the modern Athens, who appear to consider music as derogatory to the education of youth. "The question of the introduction of singing into the High School," says Dr. Mainzer, "came before the Town Council on the 21st of September, 1847. Baillie Duncan, who had, with some others, been appointed as members of a committee to examine this subject, made his report, advising, that singing should not be taught; that the Scottish mind was not prepared for it; and that he could not see what connexion Music had with Greek." Bravo. Baillie Duncan! your name should be handed down to posterity, as the very Dogberry of Education. It is not astonishing that the Baillie's report should have been received with shouts of laughter. Dr. Mainzer does every justice to the general feeling for music prevalent throughout Scotland. He adds, "that at the same time the Town Council of Edinburgh was carrying these resolutions, committees were forming in several towns of Scotland for the promotion of musical instruction in schools

and classical institutions, some of the towns protesting against the opinions of the city magistrates in regard of the ripeness of Scotland for music." He continues, "We fear, when we examine the question more closely, that it is not the Scottish mind, but the mind of the Town Council of Edinburgh that is unprepared."

The work before us displays considerable talent and considerable literary research. It is divided into chapters, the first of which is devoted to a brief history of the origin of music, a subject somewhat stale, but sufficiently interesting. The last chapters of the book, which have less pretence and are written with less display, will be found the most beneficial. The moral influence of music is well discussed, and the methods and systems pursued in schools argued and sifted in a healthy manner.

In the chapter on the different styles of music, in which the Doctor appears very recondite, and draws learned comparisons between the painters and musicians; we confess we do not feel the force of his parallels, and we are no little astonished at hearing the writer express himself thus of the great works of the masters:—

"Quartettes, overtures, symphonies, though the latter have, by the genius of Mozart and Beethoven, been placed upon the broadest, the grandest basis, and have risen to an almost unproportioned height, will never reach beyond the standard of the landscape. They stand at the side of those vivid and elegant scenes of a Canaletti, and now speak the touching pastoral language of a Poussin in his Arcadia, or disclose nature, like a Salvator Rosa, in all her grandest, wildest, most terrific moods. Choral and orchestral compositions, in which music and poetry go hand in hand in the development of a lofty, a moral, or sacred idea, rank with historical works in painting, with temples and cathedrals in architecture, in glorious supremacy over the humbler divisions of the art. In this region we meet those great spirits who, with their works, have both enlightened and astonished the world; an Animuccia and a Perugino, a Palestrina, at the side of a Michael Angelo, an Orlando Lasso, a Philip-pus de Monte, a Siciliani, a Morales, a Vittoria, vying with a Titian, a Tintoretto, a Correggio. Here we meet those glorious names of an Allegri, a Durante, Lotti, Caldara, the Scarlattis, and Bachs, and Hasse, and Handel, grouped together like the Pleiades of the musical constellation."

Surely the Doctor, who prides himself on his musical knowledge, must have been somniferous when he penned that paragraph. We acknowledge no musical composition superior to the symphony; and though a larger and more varied scope be given to the composer in oratorio and opera, "when music and poetry go hand in hand in the development of an idea," far from conceding any superiority to the oratorio or opera, we are inclined to rank the symphony as the loftiest effort of the musical mind. Is the *Jupiter* symphony, or the *C minor* symphony a less complete or less lofty production than the *Don Giovanni* or the *Idomeneo*? Certainly not. Mozart's great operatic works exhibit, from the nature of the subjects and their necessitated mode of treatment, more diversity, and manifest themselves in a more popular phase, but they show neither more power, nor profundity of conception, nor more sublimity. Do we not find many musicians who betoken extraordinary talent in the composition of operas, who, when they attempt grand instrumental works, are found utterly incompetent? Are not Rossini's quartets proof positive that even genius itself, without profound knowledge and the deepest insight into the hidden mysteries of music, is void and worthless in the endeavour to accomplish the highest form of instrumental composition? Have not Meyerbeer, and Bellini, and Donizetti, written works worthy of a place in the records of futurity—and who would pretend to say that Meyerbeer, Bellini, or Donizetti could write a symphony? The learned and enthusiastic Doctor, we repeat, must have been at least

semisopitus when he gave vent to the above questionable esthetic remarks.

The virtues of the work, however, make amends for the oversights—for we would willingly rank them as nothing more—which we have pointed out. The book is entitled to consideration for the truthfulness of its views, for the accuracy of its observations, and for the wholesome tone of morality that prevails throughout. We recommend its perusal to all those who have the desire of the advancement of music thoroughly at heart.

IDEAS ON THE HISTORY AND NATURE OF THE TIME-STICK—(BATON DE MESURE.)

(WRITTEN BY A GERMAN.)

DEAR READER,—Of all the thousand outlandish terms and phrases which have smuggled themselves into your good old Saxon tongue, uncalled for and utterly useless, that of "*baton*" is the one which every honest English musician ought to despise most. It is bad enough that you must borrow Gallic and Italian terms where over-civilization and luxuriance have brought things and ideas into your country, for which your forefathers left you no expressions, because they knew them not; but what is there new in a "*baton*," and what idea does it convey which would not be fully expressed by your English word "*stick*?" You have time-pieces, time-glasses, time-keepers—why should you not also have "*time-sticks*?" How many of us plain musicians know what the French word means, and how it is to be pronounced? but tell us it is a stick to beat time with, and every one recognises it as a thing which he has often seen, and, peradventure, sometimes felt too. There lies, indeed, much meaning in the little word "*stick*"—more than, perhaps, many persons are aware of; and Schiller's sergeant was perfectly right in saying—

"Allee weltregiment muss or wissen,
Van dem Stock hat ausgehen müssen,
Und der accepter in des Königs hand
Ist ein Stock nur, das ist bekannt."

For the stick plays a most important part upon the great stage of this sublunary world; and swords and pikes, guns and pistols, are, in fact, nothing but degenerated sticks. A stick in the hands of a monarch rules the mightiest empire; a stick wielded by the general hurls destruction upon thousands; a stick strikes terror into the mischievous school-boys, draws to light the hidden treasures of the earth, compels spirits to appear before their master in visible form, and puts to flight the fiercest charist mob. If Sterne could write an Essay on Noses, how many volumes might be filled with a history of the thousand different kinds and species of sticks! On sticks we clap our sails to plough the ocean; on iron sticks we hurry through the world with lightning's speed; nay, this very pencil, which "nails down" upon the paper the fugitive ideas of the writer—it is a stick, and nothing more.

To the reader of the *Musical World* there is, however, no stick of such importance as the musical one, and to this I shall confine myself at present. Being rather in a hurry, and having nothing but the last white leaf of my music-book to write upon, I can only offer a few desultory ideas—promising, however, to treat the history and nature of the time-stick in a more scientific and systematic manner as soon as the Royal Academy shall have offered a prize for the best Essay on this important subject.

Of the earliest history of the time-stick nothing positive is known; and it is much to be regretted that even the Bible is entirely silent on the matter. If we, however, consider that where there is no music there must be rhythm, and where there is rhythm there must be something to rule it, we have, I think, good reason to believe that Father Jubal could not do altogether without some instrument or the other to beat time into his sons and daughters when teaching them the harp and organ. Of Noah, an old legend tells us, that when he planted the first vine, after coming out of the ark, he tied the young plant to his "time-stick," nothing better being just at hand. Although the sacred records do not mention this incident, yet there is much internal evidence in favour of the profane narration; for every musician knows what an intimate connection there exists, and always has existed, between har-

* "All rule and government here below
Emanates from the stick, as you must know;
And the golden sceptre of the king
Is but a stick, and no other thing."

WALLENSTEIN'S CAMP.

mony and wine; and how is this fact to be accounted for but by the supposition of a sort of connubial union?

That the Hebrews of later times must have used the time-stick admits of no doubt. Let any person only read the accounts of Josephus and Juvenal about the performances in the Temple during the reign of David and Solomon, and he will see at once that it was impossible to govern such monster choruses and bands by any other means than the all-powerful stick. It is true, the choir-leader of the Greek (*μεδοχος*), I believe, they called him) used no stick, but kept his band together by stamping upon the platform with iron-soled boots; but what was a chorus of a few hundred singers, compared to those 4000 performers who were collected around the Menatzeach, or Chief-Musician, in the Temple, and who, with their 120 trumpets alone, must have made noise enough to drown even the tramping of iron soles?

Having thus shown that the dynasty of the time-stick is almost as old as the world itself, I only add the observation, that it has continued to reign, with unlimited authority, down to the present day. Wherever music has settled amongst men, there the visible or invisible influence of the time-stick makes itself felt; for, of all forms of government, that of the time-stick is the most absolute and despotic one. It rules with autocratic energy, and crushes all demagogic intrigues by a single motion of its head. Go to the Opera, if you will see the magical power of the little stick. Look at any of the musicians in the orchestra—how he has fixed one of his eyes upon the music before him, and with the other anxiously and respectfully watches the movements of the conductor's stick, which puts the whole band into the proper motion, and leads it safely through the dark and dangerous regions of double-fugue and counterpoint! Woe to the poor fellow who lags behind a few bars, or whose rashness threatens to destroy the order of the marching army! Let him not hope to escape the vigilant eye of his commander: one single motion of the stick points out the careless offender, and exposes him to the blame or unmerciful laughter of the audience. And he may bless his good stars if he escapes with this punishment, and the terrible weapon does not descend upon his head like Jupiter's thunderbolt, as it sometimes happened to the writer of these lines, when he attempted to play the first fiddle within the reach of the conductor's arm. Afterwards he prudently retired to the region of the kettle-drums; and often thought how kind Providence was, to prevent the stick from growing into a pole, when the pretty legs of Taglioni made him forget counting, and he came in at the hundredth bar instead of the ninety-ninth. Nay, even the most capricious *prima donna*, covered with flowers and *billet-doux*, the petted *primo tenore*, amidst the rapturous encores of his patrons—even they must acknowledge its authority.

And is it different with the public? By no means! As soon as the hand of the conductor rises, the hats fly off, the confectioners and ginger-beer men make their escape—all sit down in silent expectation; and if some lion of the day should not heed the warning, there are whole batteries of opera-glasses immediately directed to his box, and from the pit below the hundred-headed dragon of public indignation raises its hissing voice.

"Que de choses dans un minuet!" *Vestris* is said to have once exclaimed. "How many wonderful things in a time-stick!" might be replied with greater justice. For not only seems it to contain the whole opera, symphony or concerto, but a magic hand has also locked up in it two spirits—the soul of the composer and that of the conductor—who sometimes dwell together in harmony, but at others carry on, in the confined space, a desperate struggle for supremacy.

This idea leads me to the observation, that the time-stick is the best illustration and proof that it is not sufficient to establish a series of laws and regulations, but that an executive power, to put them into force, is indispensable for the well-being of any community. For what state or society can boast to possess a code of laws and regulations so clear and minute as those laid upon the pulpit of the musician? and yet what would become of an opera, or any other musical work, if there were no central power—no time-stick—to interpret and watch the due observance of those laws?

But the time-stick is not only an illustration and model of the monarchical form of government; it also shows how this one and the same principle may be, and sometimes must be, applied differently in different communities. There is, firstly, the good old Saxon manner of beating time, in which every portion of the bar is clearly pointed out by a certain movement of the stick, and every note of importance receives its due emphasis by an energetic down-beat. This is the manner in which Saxon nations must be governed, and Saxon music—the works of Bach and Handel—can only be performed. Then there is the French fashion, which upsets the natural order of all things, by making the most important rhythmic movements with an upward motion of the stick,—just as if a man knocked on the head would jump into the air instead of falling to the ground. This manner is applicable only to French operas, which do not permit a singer to rest his feet for longer than a

minute on solid ground. Lastly, we have the Italian style, which is no style at all, being nothing but a swaggering undulating motion from one side to the other. Such sort of undecided, spiritless direction is only fit for Italian nations and Italian music; for *prima donnas* of Verdi's school, who think the stick was made to obey them, and utterly despise all rule and authority.

Much, however, depends upon the material the time-stick is made of, as in other governments on the individual character of the ruler. I, for my part, prefer a good substantial stick of oak to the elastic wand, which now so often finds its way into the orchestra. As for rolls of paper, every loyal musician ought to despise such empty things. What good can be expected from a state if the ruler be a brainless tool, so fragile as to be crushed by the weight of its own authority? In a roll of paper there is neither body nor soul—*perat!*

I would carry the simile of government still farther—could show that the orchestra, like every other well organized state, has its police-force, in the shape of drum-sticks, with head-constables and sergeants; but my paper is almost filled, and a general stir in the orchestra tells me that the conductor is going to commence the rehearsal. What a pity to be thus interrupted in the midst of one's meditations! But I must submit; and, lo! on looking up, I see all my colleagues ready, and the terrible stick of the director pointing at me!—So, good reader, farewell!

ANTON TROMMELSCHLAGER.

PROVINCIAL.

BATH.—The theatrical season will commence very early in the ensuing month, under favourable auspices. Mademoiselle Rosati, and other celebrated dancers from her Majesty's theatre, have been engaged for the occasion for a limited number of nights. Mrs. Nisbett (late Lady Boothby), and her sister, Miss Jane Mordaunt, have also been engaged. They will appear on the 18th and on two other nights during the week. Engagements have also been entered into with other celebrated artists, who will appear in rapid succession.

LIVERPOOL.—*The Royal Amphitheatre.*—The operatic entertainments afforded at this theatre during the present week, under the direction of Mr. J. H. Tully, have been above mediocrity. The artistes engaged to sustain the leading parts are all of acknowledged ability, and their exertions, always strenuous and praiseworthy, have been received nightly with fervent applause. On Monday evening Bellini's semi-seria-opera *La Sonnambula* was produced. Miss Rebecca Isaacs as Amina, produced a very favorable impression on the audience. She is an excellent singer; her voice is a sweet flexible soprano of considerable compass and power; her articulation is distinct and easy; her expression pure and unaffected, and her acting extremely pleasing. Our young fellow-townsmen, Mr. C. Romer, succeeded in imparting interest to several passages, and excited considerable applause by his impassioned delivery. He possesses a tenor voice of a remarkable robust quality, but, in our opinion, not yet rendered subservient to his power of expression; it will, however, in all probability, by judicious practice, acquire that smoothness of tone in which it is at present somewhat wanting. Mr. C. Romer is deficient in one important requisite for an opera singer—an easy action; his positions are frequently ungraceful, and when his arm is raised in supplication or in anger, he seems at a loss how to lower it to its proper position without the appearance of awkwardness. Mr. W. H. Weiss, as Count Rodolpho, afforded powerful aid, and sang with great effect. These accomplished professors have exerted themselves with decided success in several favorite operas throughout the week, and have been ably supported by the theatre's company. After the performance of *Cinderella*, *La Sonnambula*, and *La Figlia di Reggimento*, each evening, Mr. John Webster, who has lately been engaged, has appeared in some amusing pieces. On Monday, in *My Wife's Dentist*, he excited much laughter by his clever impersonation of Dick Hazard. Mr. Chester appears to much advantage in the part of Sir John Beauvais—this actor's efforts in farcical characters are occasionally very felicitous. On Tuesday, *La Figlia del Reggimento* was followed by a farce called the *Spitalfields Weaver*, in which Mr. Rice's personation of Simmonds produced an excess of laughter. This actor appears to the greatest advantage in low comedy characters, and neglects the use of no expedient, however ludicrously extravagant, to excite laughter. The *Enchanted Isle* still continues to conclude each evening's entertainments, and seems to suffer no diminution in popularity from its frequent repetition.—*Liverpool Mail*.

READING.—(From a Correspondent.)—Signor Puzi gave a concert here on the 26th August, which was most fully attended by the nobility and gentry in this neighbourhood. Some disappointment occurred, from the fact that Signor Marras and Signor Belletti were hindered from appearing, on account of their services being required at the concert given

by Mlle. Jenny Lind for the benefit of the chorus singers at Her Majesty's Theatre. The places of these gentlemen were, however, efficiently supplied by Madame Sabatier and Signori Cuzzani and Alessandro Galli. The concert opened with the duet from *Belisario*, "Quando di sangue tinto," ably executed by MM. Cuzzani and Galli. Madame Castellan and Madame Sabatier acquitted themselves admirably in Mozart's duet, "Sull'aria;" Madame Castellan also sang "Ah s'estinto," by Mercadante, and obtained the plaudits of the assembly. Madame Sabatier's French romances were given in a manner peculiarly her own, and drew down well merited applause. Signor Puzzi gave several solos on the horn, in which he displayed his well known taste and mechanical facility. The duet "Deh! con te" was well rendered by Madame Castellan and Miss Durlacher, a clever pupil of Balfe's, of whom you hear more than ever spoken highly. Miss Durlacher has a fine voice and sings with ease; her style moreover is unaffected, and artistic at the same time. "La ci darem la mano" is one of the gems of that mine of gems, *Don Juan*, and cleverly sung by Madame Sabatier and Signor Galli produced its wonted effect. Signor Galli also sang "Bella siccome un Angelo" from *Don Pasquale*, with much feeling. The concert terminated with the *Preghiera of Moise*, "Dal tuo stellato soglio," by all the artists. Signor Schirra was the conductor, and displayed his accustomed readiness and attention.

WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

We have waited until the last moment for our Correspondent's letter from Worcester, which, through some unaccountable circumstance, has not yet arrived. We are consequently compelled, with much regret, to defer our intended notice of the Festival until next week.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LUCILE GRAHN is engaged at the Grand Theatre of Hamburg, after which she goes to the Academy of Paris.

THE ITALIAN OPERA at Paris is fixed to open on the 3rd of October. The engagements include Mesdames Persiani and Castellan as *prime donne*, Lablache, Ronconi, Morelli, and Grassiani as basses. Calzolari, the tenor, is engaged instead of Mario, who with Grisi declines joining the corps this season. Among the new engagements we find the names of Angelina, Bosio, Clari, and Bordas.

MR. F. EAMES has resigned the leadership of the Princess's Theatre, and has been appointed leader under Madame Vestris's management, at the Lyceum.

MISS BASSANO is engaged by Mr. Bunn to sing the contralto parts in the operas intended to be produced this season at Covent Garden Theatre.

MISS CAMILLA TOULMIN.—The accomplished authoress and the editress of the *Monthly Belle Assemblée* was lately led to the hymeneal altar by Newton Croland, Esq., of Blackheath. The fair bride, we are happy to say, will still continue her editorial and literary pursuits.

HECTOR BERLIOZ has left Paris for the South of France, where he purposes reposing himself some time.

MEYERBEER, we are informed by the journals, is still at Ischl—Where is Ischl?—which he is about to quit immediately and betake himself to Berlin, and from thence onwards to Paris. After the success, says the *Belgique Musicale*, obtained by Viardot Garcia and M. Roger (?) in the *Huguenots*, nothing can now prevent his bringing out the *Prophete*.

THE DISTIN FAMILY have been busy of late in the Provinces, and have been gaining fresh laurels. The Bristol papers speak very highly of their performances. The clever family are, we understand, about to leave England for America. The sax-horns will sound manfully in the depths of the transatlantic forests.

THE COMPOSER OF "MARITANA."—It will be interesting to our many musical readers to know that Mr. William Vincent Wallace, one of the two most gifted and successful English composers of the present century (the other being Mr. Balfe) arrived a few days since in this Island; where it is his intention to devote several months in complete retirement, to the composition of an opera, which he is engaged to furnish for performance at the Theatre Royal Covent Garden early in the ensuing winter. We may, therefore, hope that our pleasant little Island will become memorable in the annals of Music, as having been the chosen "place of inspiration" wherein was written an opera which, it may be, a future age will recognise as the *chef d'œuvre* even of the masterly composer of *Maritana* and *Matilda of Hungary*—works by which their author has already achieved an European reputation.—*Jersey Times*, September 5, 1848.

MADAME CASTAGLIONI.—The elite of the town of Maryport assembled in the Odd Fellows' Hall to hear the enchanting sounds of this second Jenny Lind. Madame C. enjoys the reputation of being a first-rate vocalist; the exquisite notes of her pure contralto voice have in them a refinement of melody peculiarly her own. Nature has lavished on her a most wonderful voice, reaching from E in two bars to C in two alt, in tone and expression.—*Maryport Journal*.

THE PARIS ACADEMY.—A new grand ballet, in two acts, the plot concocted by MM. Deligny and Mabilly, the music by M. Benoit, has been produced under the title of *Nisida*. It has met with great success. The principal *danseuses* were Mesdames Plunket, Maria, Sophie Fuoco, and Luigia Taglioni, a young *debutante*, and of the family of the Taglioni.

LOLA MONTEZ.—The *Manchester Courier* has the following notice of this celebrated *danseuse*, the pith of which, we confess, is beyond our fathom:—"Lola Montez is declared not to start for the Great Yorkshire Handicap."

FANNY ELSSLER has been performing at Hamburg with immense success. The *Bayadere* and the *Fille mal Gardée* have been produced purposely for her. The celebrated barytone, Pischek, has also been winning his way into the heads and hearts of the Hamburgians. The Covent Garden Opera committee for next year, as they intend eschewing every thing *Italian*, should not lose sight of the great Prussian, or Belgian, or Hanoverian, or Viennese *Basso-baritone*.

ALBONI AT EXETER HALL.—Mr. Lavenu's grand concert takes place on Monday evening, September 25th. Among the engagements we may specify Alboni, who will sing some of her popular arias, and Miss Kate Loder, as pianist. The band will be on an extensive scale, a new orchestra having been erected for the purpose.

SADLERS' WELLS.—Miss Glynn will replace Miss Laura Addison at this theatre.

OLYMPIC.—A new piece, called *Time tries All*, has been produced at this house with great success. We have not seen it, but shall take an early opportunity of doing so, and reporting thereon.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—The Adelphi Company will take their departure next week, and the theatre will undergo alterations previous to its re-opening with the legitimate company in October. James Wallack is appointed stage-manager—a most worthy and experienced stage-manager he will make. The season will open with *Romeo and Juliet*, in which Miss Laura Addison will play Juliet; Creswick, Romeo; and Wallack, Mercutio. Multitudinous legitimate novelties are spoken of.

Liszt is about to be married to the Princess Wittgenstein, a young widow with an immense fortune. He is at present at Weimar, but will proceed shortly to St. Petersburg to accomplish his matrimonial arrangements.

MADAME SABATIER, the charming and elegant *cantatrice*, the *fauvette à tête noire* of the Parisian salons, after a brilliant sojourn of three months in London, has arrived in Paris, and will make forthwith her *rentrée* at the Jardin d'Hiver, where her presence is impatiently awaited. Mons. Hermann, the violinist, has also reached Paris from London, and will join the corps at the Jardin d'Hiver.

VIVIER has been astonishing the natives of Brussels by his performances. One of the journals states that he has solved an insoluble problem, by executing in his individual person what would take three or four others to accomplish.

JULIEN'S BENEFIT at the Surrey Zoological Gardens, the week before last, attracted an immense concourse, no less than 20,000 people being present.

MADAME VIARDOT GARCIA has arrived in Paris. She gave a concert *en route* at Boulogne, in which she was assisted by several distinguished members of the Philharmonic Society. Madlle. de Mendi, and Panofka also assisted. Madame Viardot sang the rondo finale from *Cenerentola*, and several Spanish melodies. She produced an effect by her magnificent singing, quite unprecedented.

COVENT GARDEN.—Among the engagements spoken of as being entered into by Mr. Bunn, are Madlle. Molina di Mendi, Miss Miran, Miss Romer, Miss Rainforth, Mr. Stretton and Mr. Harrison.

A SPANISH DANSEUSE.—We are given to understand that Dona Pepa Soto, a celebrated *danseuse* of the principal theatre in Madrid, and now of the *Académie Royale de Musique* at Paris, is about to make a tour in England previous to the next London season, for which she is said to be engaged. She is described as a most fascinating artiste.

MR. WILSON.—This popular vocalist, after rustication for some weeks in the Highlands, has during the past week resumed his entertainments in the provinces. On Thursday evening he gave his popular "Walter Scott" entertainment in the Town Hall, Ramsgate, which was crowded by a highly fashionable audience, who testified their delight with the singer's efforts by hearty plaudits. "The Lady of the Lake" songs were much admired, and "Young Lochinvar" and the humorous ones in the miscellaneous part were unanimously encored. Mr. Wilson, we understand, purposes paying a visit to the United States very shortly, but will give a farewell night in Exeter Hall previously to his departure. Mr. Wilson will no doubt meet with success in America, as great and as universal as that which has attended his efforts here, and we doubt not that many of his admirers will regret being deprived, for a season, of the pleasant evenings spent in the Music Hall, Store Street, under the spell of the songs of Scotland.

A NEW MUSIC HALL was opened at Bexley Heath on Monday last, called the Bexley and Crayford Athenæum. The directors engaged Mr. Wilson to give one of his ever popular entertainments on the Songs of Scotland, which gave much gratification to an immense assemblage of the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood. As the Queen had started or Scotland that afternoon, Mr. Wilson was called on to sing the National Anthem, which the audience heartily joined in, and the evening passed off with great enthusiasm.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MADLLE. ALBONI AT EXETER HALL. MR. LAVENU'S GRAND CONCERT

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